

The Perks of Being a Mikaelson

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Summary: Freya was never one for plans. But in none of her wildest dreams would she have predicted falling pregnant to a stranger who saves her one night. She thought she would never see him again, she was fine with that. She had a family, and that was all that mattered. But what happens when she finds out he is actually an old friend of her brothers? FRUCIEN. Klayley. Rated M to be safe AU

The Perks of Being a Mikaelson

****Yay, new fanfic!****

****So at the moment I am a super Frucien shipper, but alas, our ship is sinking in the canon world. And so I've been thinking of this AU for a while now, and will probably work on this rather than my other fic "The Game Called Torture" until the end of Season 3 and they reveal Frucien's true fate. So please enjoy this while you wait! ****

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><p>Freya Mikaelson was not one much for plans.<p>

She never planned anything in her life, and left much of it up to what she liked to believe was the winds of chance. The young woman, barely twenty-three, had learnt particularly early on in life that there was no use in trying to control your fate. It was a losing battle. There were so many variables, unexpected outcomes, and decisions of others that could influence your presupposed plan, pushing it off its designated path and into the unknown and undesirable. And so Freya just rode the current; went with the flow; never pushed against the pull. If it felt right, then she would just go with it.

And everything had felt so right that night, at first. The throbbing

music, the downed drinks, the sheen of sweat, the flash of lights in the dark club. Her sister had somehow managed to convince Freya to take the night off from working on her current case for a much needed ladies' night, as declared by her younger sibling " Rebecca had roped Camille, Hayley and the barely legal Davina as well.

"_You will love it Freya! Please, you absolutely have to come! You know I don't come to town very often." Rebecca begged her over the phone as Freya went about her business, tidying her small apartment. Freya rolled her eyes as Rebecca declared to someone on her end that she had asked for French tips in an extremely demeaning tone. The woman on the other end hastily apologized, and Rebecca grumbled something about people not being able to do their job right. _

"_I don't know, Rebecca" as much as Freya would have loved to spend time with her sister, Rebecca's idea of a good time most likely involved drug and alcohol fuelled benders which ended in someone waking up in France, as the stories said. Much to her sister's disapproval, she was trying to live a better and somewhat legal lifestyle. _

"_Oh, come on sister. As if you need that job " I don't know why you even bother with one, honestly. It isn't as if you need the money, you know father left you the most in his will. Poor Nik didn't even get a cent; though he doesn't exactly need it. He just sold one of his artworks for a pretty penny to a fancy dealer uptown. Which reminds me; I think he will be holding a celebratory party in about three or four weeks. He has asked that we all be there for him."

_

_Freya made a mental note of it, "I told you Rebecca; I don't want to use father's money. I'm perfectly comfortable living the way I am right now. And besides, I just got this job so I can't be screwing anything up," she hummed into her phone, rinsing the cups on her bench. _

"_Compared to the way we live sister " you are living in squalor. Oh, so you are finally able to put that Masters to use!" _

"_Well, I'm not sure if you're aware, but finding a job in law when your family name sends chills down others spine is extremely problematic. Most of the firms I had applied for rejected me, with the exception of this one. They said that they were able to put aside our family's reputation because they found my thesis so interesting. I suppose I have our father to thank for that" Freya trailed off, wiping away at her eyes briefly. _

"_Or perhaps you just aren't suited for such a trying task. You should just live the life of luxury, like I am. I spent last summer in Bali with this good looking lad from Brazil. Didn't understand a word he said, though." Her laugh tinkled through the phone, and Freya smiled. _

"_Someone has to keep our brother's in line. But I suppose it's great that you're back for a little while." _

"_And it's only for a short while, so you better join me tonight or you will miss out on my presence for another few months." _

_Freya sighed, feeling all previous inhibitions lift slowly, "I guess

one drink wouldn't do any harm." _

She should have known better than to assume that one drink would satiate her thirst. She was a Mikaelson for goodness' sake. One drink had led to another, and that one had led to five more, accompanied with tequila shots and some small white pills that she was sure to steer clear of. In the back of her mind was that nagging voice that she should slow down " sit, drink some water and attempt to clear her head " but she ignored it. _Just this once, _she thought to herself, _I will be fine. What could possibly go wrong? _

As destiny would have it, her downfall was in the form of an attractive face, a less than unforgettable name, and a thrilling personality.

"_I think I might have to go home now; Hope will be awake in a few hours and Klaus was up all night last night trying to complete his collection for the exhibit," Hayley looked apologetic as she leaned in towards Freya, her loud voice carrying over the speakers. Freya stood with her. _

"_Come on, I'll walk you home," Freya urged, tugging at the woman's hand. _

_Hayley shook her head, "there's no need to Freya! I should be fine."
_

"_Nonsense, and besides," Freya glimpsed in the direction of her sister and their friends. Cami, Davina and Rebecca all stood on stage at the front of the club, dancing and laughing as Rebecca pulled a random, good looking stranger up to the stage and ripped his plain shirt off his body, proceeding with body shots off the washboard abs of the stranger. "I doubt they will miss me." _

_Hayley smiled and let the petite woman pull her along gently. They both grabbed their coats and headed out into the brisk, fall night, arms linked. The streets were dimly lit, fairy lights and lamp posts lighting the way to the compound where Hayley and Klaus lived together as a family with their daughter, Hope. They passed drunken and groups of men who would leer at them like pieces of meat in their skimpy skirts, but once they caught sight of just who they were leering at, they seemed to back into the alleyways pretty quickly.
_

"_So, how is everything going with you and my dear brother?" Freya asked, breaking the peaceful silence. She brought her hands to her lips, blowing warmth into them and rubbing them together to create friction. _

"_You know, same as usual. He's been even more infuriating as of late, and he spends most of his time in the art studio, but with all the deadlines coming up soon for his exhibition I think he's just stressed that he won't be able to make it in time. And you know with Klaus " he is extremely sensitive to criticism towards his art, so he wants everything to be perfect. I don't mind. I really am just grateful that he is pursuing what he loves. And Hope, man she just loves watching him paint. She can sit there, in her playpen, and watch him for hours and hours. We hardly ever need to hire a sitter." They both laugh, and Freya can imagine it._

"_I really am glad, Hayley. And how is my darling niece? It surprised me to learn that Rebecca was in town so soon, given that Hope's birthday isn't for another month and a bit." _

"_I think Klaus may have mentioned that they had other business that he wanted Rebecca present for as well. And Hope is doing well! She's walking all on her own now, did you see? I sent you the video on Facebook." _

"_Ah, you know I don't have the patience for social media. I'm far too clumsy with electronic devices. I can barely work that dating app, what did you call it â€" Tinder?" _

_Hayley giggled, a hand over her mouth. "I swear Freya, sometimes it's like you're living in another century. You have to come by sometime, and I'll show you how to use it. The best part is that you can change your name, so no one will know you're a Mikaelson." _

"_I suppose that would be a plus. Ah, the perks of being a Mikaelson." _

_They strolled the rest of the short distance in silence, where they parted ways at Hayley's front door and Freya wished her a good night, before digging her hands in her pockets and beginning her journey back to the club. Though New Orleans was a sprawling city, everything essential was in the heart of it, and so the distance wasn't very far. _

_The haze of the alcohol hadn't completely left her, so the young blonde found herself staring up at the sky in wonder, identifying the constellations she recognized and remembering the names her father had given them. She wiped away a tear that threatened to spill over the edge. _

_Another reasons why she never drank alcohol anymore: it made her awfully susceptible to her emotions. _

_Shaking her head and mumbling to herself, she was about to continue when a hand reached out and covered her mouth, another dragging her by her hair out of the light and into the coveted darkness of an alleyway. Freya thrashed and writhed and managed to bite hard down on the hand covering her mouth, letting out a cry for help before she was slapped in the face, shoved to the ground as if she was a rag doll. A brute of a man stood over her. The woman struggled to her feet, attempting to run away, but was again flung against a dumpster, her head hitting the metal with a loud clang. Stars danced before her eyes. _

_Now, she should anyone had asked her to identify this man or any of his distinguishing features, she would have been unable to. All she could remember was his eyes â€" dark, dangerous, full of lust â€" hungry. He was a predator and she was the prey. She had seen eyes such as those before. Many times. Her body instinctively began to shut down all responses as she felt his hands claw at her clothing. Green eyes drifted shut as numbness overtook her. _

_Like she said, fighting fate was useless. _

_It was best to get it over and done with. If she struggled, it would only make everything more painful. If she was lucky, he would leave

her able to walk or dial a cab. If not, then maybe he would at least leave her breathing. _

"_Get the fuck off of her," she heard a rough voice demand. Her eyes snapped open immediately. A man stood behind her attacker, the light behind his head seemingly forming a halo. She cried out in hysterical laughter, the thought of being saved by a guardian angel hilarious to her, and he turned to look at her. He was breathtakingly beautiful, even from her awkward position on the ground. _

"_What are you going to do about it, pal?" the attacker responded, sneering. Her angel then pulled out a pistol and held it directly to her attacker's head. _

"_I said to get off of her. Do not make me ask twice. I am not a man who likes to ask twice." _

_The attacked immediately scurried off of her, and when her guardian's back was turned he ran off into the night, probably to find other woman to pray on. The man stowed away his weapon and bent down to Freya's face. Understanding the reality of the situation she was in, she backed away from him as well. _

"_Oh come on now love, I just saved you. You should be a little more grateful of me." _

_Finding her voice, she spat out, "I didn't ask you to save me."

_

_He stared at her for a moment, tipping his head to the side as he rested his arms on his legs. _

"_I suppose you did not. Perhaps I misinterpreted the situation. Ah, well I could always just call the man back here, if you wish. Excuse me, sir!" He called out, about to pursue the man, but a hand stretched out and clutched his suit sleeve tightly. The young man glanced back and was surprised to see tears forming in the big, green eyes of the woman who was, just a few moments ago, glaring daggers at him. _

"_Pleaseâ€¦ Please don't leave. Please do not leave me alone," she whispered, tugging at the sleeve. _

_Freya wasn't sure what had gotten into her. She was not the type of person to ask for help. She just took whatever came her way and worked with it, on her own. But she was noticeably shaken, even by her own standards. What frightened her the most was the fact that she had immediately shut down in the face of danger. She had just given up. Even the thought of her own death momentarily seemed like an inconvenience more than anything. Unafraid, uncaring. As if the last five years of her life had meant less than worth fighting, or at least resisting, for. The tears came naturally at this point. A hand cupped her face, cradling it in his warm, gentle hands. _

"_Oh love, please don't cry. You'll ruin your beautiful face. Come on, here we go," a hand wove itself around her waist, helping Freya to her feet, "that's a good girl. Now listen here love, what's your name?" _

"_Freya," she murmured softly. Her coat lay in tatters on the ground,

so he wrapped his own around her frail, trembling shoulders.

—

"_Freya? What a lovely name. Do you have anywhere you can go? A friend's or family members home?"_

_She panicked at the thought of turning up on either Elijah's or Nik's door in her current state. They would tear through the city trying to find the man, and probably string him up by his intestines somewhere public as a warning to anyone who dared lay a hand on their sister. She was not up for the theatrics tonight. _

Seeing her panic, he chuckled, "okay love, that's no problem. Look, if it's alright with you, I would like to take you back to my place. I can take care of you there, should you allow me."

"_I don't even know you. You are a complete stranger." _

"_My name is Lucien Castle. See? We aren't strangers anymore. Or, the other alternative is that I can take you back home. So, what will it be love?"_

_She thought about it. She did not know this man, but he was kind enough to intervene in a situation that did not concern him, and that was more than any other person had ever done for her. And she had gone home with men before whom she had known far less. But she was trying to change. Normally, she would decline but she was afraid that should she be left to her own devices, she may spiral down a path that she had tried so hard to avoid. _

_So she agreed. And they spent the remainder of the night in his lavish penthouse apartment, which she stated as soon as she walked in "smells like dried blood and bad cologne" to which he replied "that's just my natural musk. I find the ladies love it" and she couldn't resist an eye roll. They drank pinot from the bottle and talked about everything from politics to ski season in a small country called New Zealand, which she found was comforting. He was trying to avoid the heavier subjects for her sake, so they found humour in the mundane ones. While he was enthusiastically speaking about the best film to book adaptations, particularly One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest and Jack Nichols performance, she found herself entrapped in his warm brown eyes. They lit up so fiercely when he spoke that she couldn't help but lean in closer, and the tip of his nose brushed against hers when he turned his head. Their lips met and from that moment onwards they melted together perfectly, not separating even when the sun broke over the horizon and reds and oranges mimicked the fire they were passionately spreading all across his apartment. _

_Hours later, they fell asleep, though Freya woke not long after. She gathered her things, kissed the forehead of her saviour in a silent thanks, and left his apartment. The young woman knew she would most likely never see him again, but even so, she was grateful for the amazing time he had showed her, if only a fleeting one. _

A shaking, pale hand outstretched to grasp the side of the sink to stop her swaying as she stared down in her hand at the small white stick. A knock echoed loudly, breaking her revelry.

"Freya? Sister you need to hurry; we have to leave for Nik's party soon. I know it's all well to be fashionably late, but he will kill

us if we miss his big speech." Rebecca called out from the other side of the door.

Composing herself, Freya dropped the small stick into the bin and washed her hands. She stared at the mirror, seeing a pale, stricken face in it, and forced a smile. She exhaled the breath she was unaware she was holding, and smoothed out her black silk dress.

"Coming," she opened the door and found her sister leaning against it, raising an eyebrow when she appeared.

"What's wrong?" Rebecca asked, but Freya waved off her pointed look and gathered her blazer and purse.

"Nothing. Let's just get going. We don't want to upset Niklaus."

They closed the apartment door and a chauffeur opened the door to a limousine for them. As Rebecca settled in, helping herself to the champagne and chatting away about nonsensical things, Freya couldn't help but turn her mind to the two pink lines on the white stick, and the two lines on the one before that, and the five others before those. She gulped, refusing a glass when Rebecca offered her one.

Yes, Freya Mikaelson was never one for plans.

But in none of her plans had she ever predicted she would fall pregnant to a person she would never see again.

End
file.